Carlsbad Sea Lion.

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CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

A CITY OF PLEASURE!

THE FUTURE

Health Resort

OF THE WESTERN CONTINENT.

Secure a Home in Carlsbad While Yet it May be Had at a Very Moderate Outlay.

Values are Daily Enhancing. Now is the Golden Opportunity. Fortune's Favors are Never Extended Twice.

CALSBAD IS NOTED FOR ITS CELEBRATED

Mineral Springs,

The Healing Properties of its Waters having been pronounced by the best Chemists, after a thorough analysis to be without rival.

Among other advantages possessed by Carlsbad to make it the

Pleasure Resort of Southern California,

And the best point for investment, its mineral waters will make it

The Resort of the Wealthy, the Pleasure-Seekers and the Invalid.

Lots for Sale from $175 to $500.

One-third Cash; Balance in 6 and 12 months; or 5 per cent discount for Cash.

For Desired Information, Address

Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Co.,

CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

Or HENRY A. NELSON, F street, near P. O., San Diego.

Or DEXTER, GILBERT & CO., 115 W First street, Los Angeles.

$200 Reward $200,

From two hundred to five hundred dollars per year will you award to your own self by trading constantly at

The great IXL at Oceanside.

Why?

We give it to you here in a nut shell:
We buy direct for cash thereby making on discounts on an average Seven per cent.
Our buyer member of this firm resides constantly in San Francisco, watching the terms of trade, thereby saving.....Twenty-five p. cent
All our flower, potatoes, groceries arrived in Carload—lots—which means half the freight, smaller lots have to pay.....Five per cent.
Grand total, all our goods cost us.....Thirty-seven p. cent. less than any other firm in this vicinity can reach it.

Remember we have no special rates, days, but we guarantee you every day in the year that we can and will sell you thirty-seven per cent cheaper than you can buy in San Diego or elsewhere.

Remember we have the largest stock and finest assortment in San Diego county. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

Yours respectfully
D. Jacobs & Co.

Dealers in full lines of: Dry goods, fine clothing, finest hats, caps, boots and shoes, Hardware, grockery, groceries, wall papers, paints, oil, crushed and seed barley, wheat and barley hay, seed spuds and finest potatoes for family use.

SUNNY SLOPE.

Addition to Carlsbad.

That very desirable property known as Sunny Slope, lying to the north, and joining the present town site, is now

Surveyd and offered to the Public.

Lots 50 by 100 Feet

pleasantly situated on proposed line of the Motor Railroad to Oceanside, commanding a grand panoramic view of the Old Pacific, Santa Catalina and San Clement Islands, also the Snowcapped Peak of the San Juan Mountain in the far distance. Too much cannot be said of this Lovely Valley and the now noted Mineral Springs of beautiful Carlsbad. Come at once and secure a lot at the Golden Beach Summer Resort of the Pacific Coast before prices are advanced.

For further particulars apply to

F. D. Mitchel,
Permanent Agent, Carlsbad, Cal.

OUR SISTER CITY.

Making Rapid Strides Ahead—Progress the Watchword.

Taking advantage of a few idle hours, a SEA LION reporter, for exercise, as well as pleasure, measured the distance between Carlsbad and Oceanside, and rested long enough on the "tie path" to step in and see Max Goldbaum, the pioneer commission and general merchant of South Oceanside, who reported that in spite of the "booming" aspect of the back country rivers he was meeting with a good trade from the San Luis Rey valley country.

Arriving at Oceanside to gain rigor for a visit among the merchants a call was made upon Editor Hildreth, of the STAR, who was busily employed manipulating the type in an artistic manner, turning out job work. He seems to have his hands full, and a look at the office now and when he took charge would convince every stranger that the change fell in good hands—in addition to being a practical printer he has a "nose for news" and knows how to dish it up.

Our next call was upon the hardware firm of A. J. Myers & Co., a new establishment just opened up on Second street, just above the bank, and must say were astonished at the large and complete stock of hardware, shelf-ware, cutlery, stoves, tin-ware, etc., carried by this firm. They have a mammoth stock, which they invite elsewhere all in need to call. Mr. Myers also informed us they intend also to put in a complete stock of paints, oils, varnishes, etc., for painters' use, a full assortment of wagons, buggies, carts and agricultural implements, and will have as complete a store and stock as one can find in Southern California.

The "Great I X L" is not one veat behind the times, and we found Mr. Jacobs, the genial head of the establishment, busily superintending the opening and placing in stock of a fine line of groceries. You can buy anything you need from a paper of pins to a suit of clothes at bottom figures here.

At the furniture and undertaking house of W. G. Grate & Co., we were shown an elegant stock of lounges, sofas, bedsteads, bureaus, etc., and this firm proproses if prices and the best goods will do to work up a trade that is bound to be large. They will have something to say to our readers in a future issue.

At Irwin & Co., in the fine brick-building, one can inspect as choice and large a stock of clothing, gents furnishing goods, etc., and at as low a price as can be quoted at San Diego. In spite of the large stock this firm will in a few days receive an addition worthy of inspection.

Mr. J. L. Nugent, the gentlemanly manager of Hamilton & Co.'s store must be doing a thriving business, the store being well filled with customers, rendering it impossible for us to "chin him." This firm carry a large and varied stock.

A talk with several citizens displayed a keen interest and a deep-rooted faith in the coming year and with work begun on the wharf and the motor road an era of unparalleled prosperity is viewed with them as a mere matter of fact and they expect to grow as never before this season. They point to the opening up of a quarry to cut all kinds of building stones two miles from town, the building of a planing mill by the Russ Lumber Co., the large two-story brick hardware of John Schuyler, the fine large brick church, and the dozen or so of fine residences to be built or under way, all of which gives solid basis for their statements.

AGAIN IN THE LEAD.

California Cotton the Equal of the South Sea Island Plant.

Experiments in this State show that we have the advantage over the cotton growers in the Southern States in a large average yield per acre. It is also well-known here that we have less difficulties to contend with in climate. Our freedom from rain during the picking season is a great advantage, and for some years at least there will be little or no need of fertilizers. This last item is an important one. California-grown cotton is also much better in quality than the average of that grown on the uplands of the South, approaching more nearly to the sea island cotton of the eastern portion of the Atlantic states. We also have the advantage of transportation in our favor. Cotton grown in this state should be manufactured here, and it undoubtedly will be. Indeed, there is even now quite a demand for the raw material to supply the Oakland mill and the woolen mills as well, all of which latter use more or less cotton to mix with their wool.

Taking all thing into consideration, there is good reason to believe that cotton-growing will eventually become an important industry in California. A cotton-seed mill will also be previded for utilizing the seed.

Their Eyes Opening.

The correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean detailed to write up impartially the Citrus Fair recently closed at Los Angeles, in his report pays San Diego county the following compliment: "San Diego county made a splendid showing of her semi-tropical products. There were Australian navel, seedling, and Du Roi oranges; Eureka and seedling lemons and limes; raisins—loose Muscatels and three-crown London layers; English walnuts, some fine clusters of oranges were shown; also two large pyramids, one of seedling oranges, the other of Eureka lemons. These were all from Agua Tibia, in the San Luis Rey valley, one of the most favored portion of San Diego county. Here is located the Pauma colony, which consists of a series of small fruit farms, fertil and well watered, which are being sold to actual settlers at very moderate prices. It is an unexcelled location for growing the citrus fruits, and will soon be reached by two new railroads. It is now reached by a carriage drive of sixteen miles from Temecula station, on the California Southern Railway. Mr. Edwin L. Barnes, who had charge of the exhibit, will give full particulars to all who address him at Agua Tibia, San Diego county, Cal.

NEW BARBER SHOP—

Everything New, Neat and Clean,

Second Street,

CARLSBAD, - CALIFORNIA

I have opened up a new shop in Carlsbad, where, by keeping a neat, clean shop and by giving strict attention to business, I hope to merit a fair share of the trade.

FINE SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

GIVE ME A CALL.

WM. DELLSCHAFFT.

A. J. CULVER—

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

Shop on Second Street, North of the Hotel.

OCEANSIDE NURSERY.

I have this season a million Home grown trees, shrubs and flowers, consisting of full lines of

FRUIT, SHADE, ORNAMENTAL AND EVERGREEN TREES, SHRUBS AND FLOWERS,

Which Will be Sold at Bed-rock Prices.

J. BEGG, Proprietor.

COL. D. H. HORNE, Pres. C. L. MORRILL, Vice-President. E. S. PAYNE, Cashier.

The Bank of Oceanside,

OCEANSIDE, SAN DIEGO CO., CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL - - - - - 50,000.00

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

ANDREW J. MYERS. — J. EDWARD MYERS.

A. J. MYERS & SON,

General Hardware Store,

Wholesale and Retail.

Everything at Bed-rock figures.—Tin-work of all kinds done.

Corner Second and Hill streets. — Oceanside, California.

FOR SALE!

150 LOTS FOR

$150 Each

In Faucher's Highland Addition to CARLSBAD.

This tract consists of 167 acres and only 160 lots in this large tract are for sale at $150 each. Then a

LIMITED

number will be put on market at $200 each when prices will **again be advanced.** Terms: One third cash, one third in six months and balance in one year. A grand view of the Old Pacific, the City of Carlsbad, South Oceanside and Oceanside is obtained from every lot on the tract. My reasons for limiting the number of sales at these prices are that on this tract is the most beautiful and natural Hotel site on the coast and

I HEREBY AGREE

to have in course of erection before July 1888 a magnificent hotel, the cost of which has not yet been assertained, but will undoubtedly be in the neighborhood of $30,000 and be called "Highland Hotel" besides many other improvements which will greatly enhance the value of the tract.

For further particulars as to location, attractions and future act. the Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Co.'s ad, "A City of Pleasure" on the first page.

John A. Faucher,
Proprietor, Carlsbad, Cal.

D. D. HANKS,

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter.

DECORATING AND PAPER HANGING.

—Dealer in—

Paints and Painters Supplies.

CARLSBAD, San Diego County, CALIFORNIA.

I. LEVI. - M. WERTHEIMER.

LEVI & WERTHEIMER,

Successors to A. SCHNEIDER.

Established 1869,

FIFTH STREET, NEAR F. **San Diego, Cal.** FIFTH STREET, NEAR F

Wholesale and retail dealer in

BOOKS AND STATIONERY. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. SHEET MUSIC. FANCY POSTERS.

Picture frames, Mouldings, Glass.

Artists Material and Fine Paints, Wall Paper. Optical Goods. Cutlery

General Newspaper Depot.

Irwin & Co.,

DRY GOODS BOOMERS.

Finest Stock of Goods in the County.

Go and examine their line of men's suits.

Bank Building, Oceanside, Cal.

HAMILTON & CO.,

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

Lead in prices and quality of Goods.

Keep a full stock in the following lines:

Fancy and Staple Groceries, Staple Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Rubber Goods.

Hardware of all Kinds.

Paints and Oils,
Crockery and Glassware,
Lamps &c.
Garden and Field Seeds,
and everything necessary for
HOUSEHOLD USE.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

CARLSBAD SEA LION.

PUBLISHED AT

Carlsbad, San Diego Co., ... Cal.

MY FIRST VALENTINE.

O, many long, long years ago
Whose lapse I'll not define,
When life was in its morning glow,
Came my first Valentine.
The breath of flow'rs, the song of birds,
Framed in and out with loving words.

Again, ah yes, and yet again
I mused upon the line—
A "poser" to my young heart then—
"O, be my Valentine."
But girt around with mystery's sheen,
I queried not what it might mean.

Nor was I with the problem tasked,
For—scorning mystic sign—
A handsome school boy next day asked:
"Where is your Valentine?"
With cheeks aglow and eyes ashine,
I answered: "What's a Valentine?"

"A Valentine. Why," stammered he,
"You half confuse a feller;
"'Tis when one loves a girl, you see,
"And takes this way to tell her.
"But look in 'Webster,' he will say,
"It means more yet: 'All lover's day.'"

O, little maid, your thirteen years
Suggested not a cover
To hide your face of smiles and tears
From such a knowing lover.
Who could assert with boyish glee:
"So I'll love you and you'll love me."

I'll single out from mem'ries dim
This, sealed with golden sign;
Thenceforth I had no name to him
Save this: "My Valentine."
And I, with thrill of guileless shame,
Under my breath, called him the same.

I dwell not on the years that passed,
When with life's fuller knowledge,
The laurels at his feet were cast,
Hard won from school and college.
And faith and hope beside him stood,
Each promising all future good.

Anon the war-cry thrilled again,
Its dark cloud dimmed our day;
And since the nation call'd for men
How could a hero stay?
Stay: with heart grand, stainless, true—
We bade godspeed "The boy in blue."

Too soon, from out the deadly frav,
They brought him, done with strife;
The brown curls on his forehead lay,
The lips smiled as in life.
But touched as with a seal divine,
They breathed no more "My Valentine."

I can not say I loved the boy—
For life was free and young—
But it will be with rapturous joy
If I but find among
The ransomed hosts, in glory's line,
My own, my long-lost Valentine.
—*Detroit Tribune.*

TERRIBLE PENANCE.

Monks Scourge Their Bare Backs Until Blood Flows From the Wounds.

In the old days all nuns and monks in Mexico were compelled by the rigid rules of the order to use the discipline on their own naked persons every night and morning before retiring to and rising from the iron bedsteads that were purposely made too short and supplied only with a block of wood for a pillow. Mme. Calderon de la Barca, in her book on Mexico, written forty years ago, tells us all about it. Says she:

The discourse appeared like a preparation for the execution of a multitude of condemned criminals. After it they all joined in prayer with much fervor and enthusiasm, beating their breasts and falling upon their faces. Then a monk stood up, and in a very distinct voice read several passages of Scripture descriptive of Christ's sufferings. The organ then struck up the "Miserere," and all of a sudden the church was plunged into profound darkness. Suddenly a terrible voice cried out in the dark: "My brothers, when Jesus was fastened to the pillar by the Jews he was scourged!" At these words we heard the sounds of hundreds of scourges descending on the bare flesh. I can not conceive any thing more horrible. Before ten minutes had passed the sounds became splashing from blood that was flowing. We could not leave the church, but it was perfectly sickening, and had I not been able to hold Senora ——'s hand, and thus feel something human beside me in the darkness, I could have fancied myself transported into Dante's inferno. Now and then a suppressed groan was heard, and occasionally the voice of the monk encouraging them by ejaculations or by short passages from the Bible. Sometimes the organ struck up, and the poor wretches tried in faint voices to join in the "Miserere." The sound of the scourging was indescribable. At the end of half an hour a little bell was rung, and the voice of the monk was heard calling upon them to desist; but such was their enthusiasm that the horrible lashing continued louder and fiercer than ever. In vain he entreated them not to kill themselves, that heaven would be satisfied, and that human nature could not endure beyond a certain point. No answer but the loud sound of the scourges as their sharp iron points entered the flesh. At length, as if they were perfectly exhausted, the sound grew fainter, and little by little ceased altogether. We then got up in the dark, and with great difficulty groped our way through the galleries and down the stairs till we reached the door and had the pleasure of again feeling the fresh air. They tell us that the church floor is frequently covered with bood after one of these penances, and that a man died the other day in consequence of his wounds.

This awful penance was known as the desagravios, and it must be remembered that each man scourged only himself; if they had scourged each other the terrible energy displayed would seem less astonishing. The season of desagravios used to continue thirty-five days of every year. The women attended church in the morning, no men having been permitted to enter, and the men in the evening, when women were not admitted. The penance of the women was much less severe, and consisted chiefly in kneeling for half an hour, with arms extended in the form of a cross, a very painful position after the first five minutes.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The reporter who writes for all space is not apt to be writing for all time.

—As figures don't lie, a man is only figuratively speaking when he is telling the truth.

—Oft-times after a man has seen his "anto" he is compelled to go and see his "uncle."—*Epoch.*

—Statistics go to show that no case of "love at first sight" has ever lasted until the "second sight."

—The stenographer's fees in a prolonged contest over a will in a New York court were nearly $8,000

—A woman's scorn is not to be trifled with. Especially when you step on it in a crowded horse car.—*Cleveland Sun.*

—One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A French woman confesses to the marrying of eight husbands. Few women possess her power to fasten-eight men.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—A chemist announces that wood can be made very palatable. All right, Mr. Chemist, but please don't give it away to our landlady. — *Washington Critic.*

—The old, old story boiled down: She (early in the evening)—"Good evening, Mr. Sampson." Same she (late in the evening)—"Good night, George."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Superstitious people claim that a death is sure to follow the howling of a dog. It depends a good deal, we should say, on the kind of a whack one gets at the dog.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

—"The single scull race," exclaimed an excited old lady, as she laid the paper down. "My gracious! I didn't know there was a race of men with double skulls."—*Journal of Education.*

—Teller (turning to the president, solemnly.)—I do not see the cashier this morning.

President (dry and solemn)—And I do not see any cash here, either.—*Drift.*

—A precocious New York boy accompanied his mother to the theater. The seat check was marked K 9, and the boy refused to sit there, insisting that it was reserved for a dog.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—Physician (to patient)—Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be had. Patient (too sick to care for any thing)—Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Artist (who is spending a month in the country)—"My dear Miss Purpleblossom, you are so beautiful. Would you not like me to do you in oil." Miss Purpleblossom—"Do you take me for a sardine?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

—For delicious titillating anticipation, ending in blank, empty nothingness, an unsuccessful proposal of marriage may best be compared with one of those sneezes that don't come off.—*Puck.*

—A coal dealer asked some law students what legal authority was the favorite of his trade. One answered: "Coke." "Right," said the coal dealer. Another suggested: "Blackstone." "Good, too," said the questioner. Then a man piped out: "Littleton." Whereupon the coal dealer sat down.

WIGS AND WIG-MAKERS.

Some Facts About the Art of Manipulating Human Hair.

A barber says that one of the few kinds of woman's work which is not overcrowded, and at which competent girls can always earn good wages, is that which includes the working, cutting and general management of the human hair. The hair trade is dull now. After the holidays people will have more time to attend to their hair. The average pay of female hairdressers is $8 a week. Sometimes it reaches as high as $18 per week, and sometimes goes down to $5. A girl who understands the business thoroughly can command $18 a week anywhere. One hairdresser in this city used to employ 140 girls, and paid out $700 weekly in wages.

The profit lies in false hair. Women that have their hair cut short and are tired of it, buy wigs or "switches" to wear in the street. Those whose hair is poor, or who suffer from baldness, wear false hair at all times. Girls who confine their attention to hair-working alone, earn from $8 to $10 a week. It is an art that needs skill and no small amount of patience and perseverance to succeed with. The hair with which the wigs are made is collected by commercial travelers in Germany and France. England and Belgium are poor markets for hair, not because of the scarcity, for both English and Belgian women have fine hair, but because they will not sell it. When collected it is put through a cleaning process, severe enough to fetch the dirt out of an elephant's hide, and then dyed several times over. The best hairdressers never buy hair from the head or from private hands.

Perfectly white hair is rare and commands almost any price. Natural curling is also of considerable value. A good wig of white hair costs $40. The material of which these wigs are made is clipped from the goat and seldom from the human head. A plenteously soft silky kind of snow-white hair comes from the Angora rabbit. A perfectly white and abundant wig of human hair would be worth at least $1,000. Hair cut from the head after death is never used by any good hairdresser. It can not be used to any advantage, as it will neither curl nor twist. Hair can be proved by pulling it to its utmost capacity. When loosened it will contract to its former length.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

WHAT THEY WEAR.

Valentines are very cheap this year.

Red is much in favor for cloth dresses.

The latest fad on ball dresses is long angel sleeves.

Handkerchiefs entirely of lace are coming in vogue.

Easter bonnets will match the gowns worn with them.

The Tosca is the favorite French round hat, and it has a low crown.

Black, dark brown or gray furs trim red cloth dresses very tastefully.

The ideal house gown of the season has deliciously loose and easy sleeves.

All pale shades of green from reseda to sage will be in high favor for Easter bonnets.

There are many poke brimmed bonnets among the importations of spring millinery.

Aumonieres, or alms bags, and carved ivory rosaries are beautiful gifts for the Easter season.

The ribbons that trim the first production of Easter bonnets are wider than those of the passing season.

Apple green will be the spring color, but only girls with fresh pink and white complexions can wear it.

House gowns for Easter receptions have full front corsages, lapped corsage draperies, full plastron waistcoats and brotelles.

Shaded or ombre ribbons, watered or moire, and glace or changeable ribbons are all shown in new millinery importations.

The latest fancy in rosaries are those of ivory with each bead carved in a symbolic design representing a scene in the "Passion."

The white cloth tailor gown, with pinked edges and borders and fine gold or silver braiding, will be the fad among first spring costumes.

Hoops of steel in the back of ball gown underskirts make those of demi-train length float out cloudlike behind instead of trailing on the floor.

Ribbons printed in jardiniere patterns to match the designs on bengalines, China silks, and challes come among millinery novelties for early spring.

Some of the angel sleeves of ball gowns are dotted with palette spangles, this decoration being the only tinsel in the toilet except the spangled fan of crepe lisse.

The conical high crowned hat will be worn another season, but theatre bonnets only will be seen at plays, operas and concerts, or, at least, such is the prediction.

It is in good taste to wear the hat or bonnet of the same cloth as the jacket and trimmed with fur to match the same, and with an aigrette of feathers.

This is a skating season, and the prettiest skating suits are those of red or dark blue cloth bordered with Alaska or Russian sable, with muffs, collars, cuffs, and band of the cap to match.

All evening gowns, even dinner dresses, are airy, floating, gauzy, cloudlike creations of tulle or lace, with only a hint of velvet, moire, or peau de soie in the way of a low V-shaped bodice.

The newest toboggan suits are in one piece, and the preferred blankets for the same are white, pink, scarlet, blue and gray, with large shaded moons, in contrasting color for dots, the hoods and mittens matching the color of the moons.

The confirmation and first communion robe of this year is preferred to be of white woolen stuff, camel's hair, cashmere, or serge in cream or ivory tints; the bodices are finished with tucked betelles, and the plain plaited skirts have tucks ad libitum above a deep hem.

Tailor gowns for early spring wear are being made up of delicate tinted light weight cloths, and have the bodices lined with chamois, a light layer of wadding and an inside lining of light satin added, as the chamois sleeves do not slip on easily, and the chamois soils quicker than satin.

There is more attention paid to the artistic dressing of the feet this winter than ever before since the days of the French convention or the first empire. Slippers or low shoes for evening wear are of black, white, bronze and colored kid, of strips of ribbon, of velvet, satin, of suede and ribbon in strips; and the decorations in tinsel, beads, embroidery, ribbons and flowers, buckles and slides, are veritable works of art.

WAYBACK NOTES.

The first Roman fleet was built in 260 B. C.

The earliest brokers were the Roman emperors, who lent money upon land.

Rolling mills, in the metal manufactories, were in use in England in the Seventeenth century.

A plague which broke out at Naples in 1656 carried off 400,000 of the population in six months.

George Peabody, the great American philanthropist, gave £500,000 to ameliorate the condition of the London poor.

Milan, Italy, is said to have been built by the Gauls, about 408 B. C. Its renowned cathedral was erected about 1385.

Democritus taught as early as 428 B. C. that the milky way consisted of stars, a fact which was proven by Galileo, 1610-42.

The first normal school for the instruction of teachers was established at Paris, by a law, Oct. 30, 1794, and opened Jan. 20, 1795. This school was the first of its class, and this design has since been followed in other countries, especially in the United States.

What is known in English history as the "Rye House Plot," was a plot, which, it is said, aimed to secure the Duke of Monmouth in place of the Duke of York, as successor to Charles II. Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney were executed for being concerned in the conspiracy in 1683. The name was derived from the conspirators' place of meeting, the Rye house, Broxbourne, Hertfordshire.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

Bolingbroke is pronounced Bullingbrooks.

Talbot is pronounced Tolbut. Thames is pronounced Tems.

Bulwer is pronounced Buller. Cowper is pronounced Cooper.

Kolburn is pronounced Hobun. Wemyss is pronounced Weems.

Knollys is pronounced Knowles. Cockburn is pronounced Coburn.

Brougham is pronounced Broom. Norwich is pronounced Norridge.

St. Leger is pronounced Sillinger. Hawarden is pronounced Harden.

Colquhoun is pronounced Cohoon. Cirencester is pronounced Sissister.

Grosvenor is pronounced Grovenor. Salisbury is pronounced Sawlsbury.

Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham. Marylebone is pronounced Marrabun.

Abergavenny is pronounced Abergenny. Marjoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks.

BASEBALL TALK.

The Chicagos will leave for Hot Springs March 1.

Ryan says he will play center field for Chicago, but his pitching days are over.

Titcomb says he was changed about three times last season and yet cleared $2,700.

The salary of League umpires will be $1,500 and expenses.

A New Orleans firm has put up a silver cup for the Southern league clubs to contest for.

Clarkson thinks that with himself, Smith and Andrews, Boston would have a championship team.

Tom Brown signed with Boston for $1,900.

Sadie Houck has signed with Charleston.

Dave Foutz is running such a profitable poker game in 'Frisco that he will not come east until ordered to do so.

Conway and Twitchell have signed with Detroit. Eight men are now still unsigned, namely, Bennett, Baldwin, Getzein, Brouthers, Richardson, Rowe, White and Hanlon.

The old Union Baseball park at St. Louis may be used for athletic meetings, six day walking matches and other sporting events next season.

Binghamton, N. Y., may sacrifice its place in the Central Ball League because of inability to pay the required guarantee and raise advance money for its players.

Deasley's brother Reb will play with the Camden club next year. He is a third baseman, and is as good in that position as his brother is at catching.

Clarkson being asked whom he thought the best pitchers in the country replied that Keefe was his first choice, with Ferguson, Getzein and Whitney coming next, but not in that order of excellence, as he was undecided which of the latter three was the best.

The San Francisco Chronicle says the winter baseball season has been a financial failure to the managers, the players having been paid all the money that was taken in.

There are 350 men in the country who are willing to endure the hardships of an umpire if given an opportunity; at least there are that number of applicants for the position in the League.

The Delaware club, of New York, has been formed and the following officers elected: Edward Maher, president; Frank Merritt, secretary; Frank Simons, treasurer. They have secured Peter Troy, brother of John, as manager.

The only one eyed player in the profession is pitcher Irwin, whom the arbitration committee has just awarded to Manchester. Despite the fact that he has but a single optic, he watches the bases extremely well, better, in fact, than many pitchers with the usual complement of orbs.

The National league, American association, International association, Central league, New England league, Ohio league, Western association, Southern league, Central Interstate league and Texas league are all under the protection of the National Agreement.

Manager Barnes, of Minneapolis, offered Pitcher Shaw, "The Wizard," $2,500 for his services this year; $500 of it to be advance money. Shaw wanted $1,000 advance, which was refused, and the deal hangs fire on that point.

If Andrews is secured by the Detroit club he will be made captain of it. Andrews was captain of the Philadelphia club for a while, but was not very successful, and it is a question whether he would prove as good a man in that position as Hanlon was.

The Cleveland club will not, in all probability, be scheduled for Sunday games at home next season. The club would probably not object, but local sentiment is opposed to Sunday games.

Each minor league club desiring the right to reserve players must, by May 1, pay to the League and Association $250. Probably about sixty clubs will pay, and this will make $15,000 for the old organizations to divide between them.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Mrs. Adelaide R. Kenney, is a director of the Genesee County bank, of Batavia, N. Y.

The empress of Austria, having been forced to give up hunting, has taken up fencing for exercise.

Queen Victoria is very well satisfied with the condition of Ireland. She has never been there since she ascended the throne.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts is about to establish workshops equipped with sewing machines, where poor seamstresses can go and use them at a low charge.

Miss Minnie Freeman, the heroic little Nebraska school teacher, has already received nine offers of marriage since the story of her bravery got into print.

Miss Van Wart, granddaughter of the late Marshall O. Roberts, is believed to be the wealthiest young woman in America. She inherits something near $3,000,000.

It is said that of 2,619 female graduates of American colleges 998 are married, 949 are teachers, 133 are in other occupations, and 539 are not engaged in remunerative work.

Christine Nilsson writes, in a letter to a Philadelphia friend, that she is a constant sufferer from rheumatism, and fears that she will be obliged to close her professional career at once.

Miss Eunice Hooser, of Elkton, Ky., has just completed a calico quilt that is composed of 24,080 pieces, and the local newspapers say that she is not only a skillful needlewoman, but one of the prettiest young ladies in the county.

Mary Dixon, who was brought to this country from Africa in 1799, is yet living in Monroe county, N. C., and is believed to be 125 years old. She is small in stature, has very little flesh on her bones, and is positively hideous in her ugliness.

The queen of the Cowlitz River tribe of Indians died near Freeport, W. T., a few days ago and was buried with a great Indian pow-wow. She was more than 100 years old and was one of the few surviving members of a tribe that was once a power among the Indians of the northwest.

MATRIMONIAL FREAKS.

Divorces were granted to a mother and her daughter on the same day in the circuit court at Gladwin, Mich.

When Silas Groshan, of Mechanicsville, Ga., lost his first wife he married again within a month. He lost his second wife a month ago, and with equal dispatch has taken a third one. Procrastination is the thief of time.

Runaway marriages are not encouraged in Russia. When a sweet girl graduate elopes the horrid old candle eaters put her in prison and cut her out of her share of the family estate. They couldn't cough an American eloping girl down that way.

In Liberty county, Fla., a youth and maiden had been engaged, but their parents objected to their union. The other day they happened to meet at the grist mill, and as the miller is the county judge the marriage ceremony was performed then and there.

GASTRONOMICAL TIDBITS.

The unkindest gastronomic cut of all is lobster salad from the canned article.

Look not upon the orange when it is frozen, for therein lies several hours of suffering.

Oysters, temporarily scarce during the cold snap, are now in very good supply once more.

Ice box game is plentiful enough for those who like it in that very indifferent condition.

Dealers and housekeepers say it has been a splendid winter for sausages and buckwheat cakes.

In the matter of price, diamond back terrapin are now to be compared with church steeples.

New importations of French beans in glass are voted among the palatable things in winter vegetables.

Even the English visitor, prone to prejudice, admits that our roast beef equals the best they have at home.

Snow pudding is certainly seasonable now, and when properly made and served, a dessert by no means to be slighted.

Sandwiches of grated turkey or chicken, very highly seasoned, have had an unusual run this season at the fashionable luncheon parties.

They have a new cheese in Paris described as of "bright, golden yellow and very strong." It would not be surprising if it was found to have come from this country.

There seems to be an increase of medical advisers who now preach only two meals a day and "no nibbling" between meals. Those who advocate economy in this life applaud the recommendation.

They have secured for the phœnix Hotel Del Monte, at Monterey, Cal., as chef, the celebrated Jules Harder, so long of the Palace hotel, San Francisco, and originally in the services of kings and noblemen of the old world. This means a reputation for the Del Monte for superior cuisine, at all events.

Periodical nonsense appears about the alleged luxuries and dainties served to people who frequent Florida hotels at this season, and strawberries, fresh peas, asparagus, etc., are enumerated. As a matter of fact, none of these things are served at the Florida hotel as a regular custom, and the table d'hote is ordinary in every sense, and often very inferior to the best hotels at the north. Condensed milk and canned vegetables "have the call," and most of the "luxuries" and "dainties" come from New York.

SCIENTIFIC SQUIBS.

The luminosity of phosphorus is impaired by a dense and increased by a rarified atmosphere. At a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, or four atmospheres, phosphorus is non-luminous.

Glass blowing is an art nearly 4,000 years old, perhaps older; yet there has never been any device discovered to take the place of the human lungs in the blowing. Bottles, however, are blown with a mold and mechanical bellows.

The value of condiments in the preparation of food is being discussed. Authorities that may be considered reliable assert that red pepper and salt are specially valuable as aids to appetite and digestion. Various herbs and spices are also good, while all the condiments used in salads promote digestion and the assimmilation of food.

Extended observations at Paris and at Munich indicate that the sanitary condition of a locality depends on the amount of water contained in the ground. The years in which there has been a large quantity of ground water present have invariably been the healthiest, while those in which there has been a smaller quantity have invariably been the unhealthiest.

The apparent paradox that the most transparent water is at the same time perfectly opaque from a certain point of view is shown by a simple experiment. Partly fill a glass goblet with clear water and hold it a little above the level of the eye and distant a foot or more. No object can be seen when held just over the surface of the water, but the water surface appears like a burnished mirror.

Russian observations have shown that teeth decay in a quite regular order, the lower third molar being the first attacked, then the upper, then the lower fourth molar and so on, the lower incisors and canine teeth being the last affected. Upper teeth, as a rule, are more durable than lower, right than left, those of dark persons than those of blondes, those of short persons than those of tall.

The bacillus of whooping cough is the latest arrival. It differs from other bacteria, but is somewhat like Friedlander's pneumonia bacillus. Dr. Afansieff, the discoverer, detected the bacillus in the sputum of his own and other children. That was stained with methyl violet, and the bacilli were detected in the pus corpuscles with a magnifying power of 700-1,000 on a 1-12 oil immersion objective.

BY THE BY.

It was Mrs. Parvenu who wanted her dressmaker to furnish her with "one of them elegant French robes, in the directory style!"

Madeira is to be one of the new spring colors, but if based on the hue of Madeira wines we have nowadays will be difficult to recognize.

As men are said to be known by the company they keep, so the imitation sealskin sacque is detected by the miserable odor of dye it emits.

The true lovers' knot in silver is a new design in umbrella handles which is silly enough to indicate that the designers have got to the end of their rope.

Spring trousers are to have a welted seam or cord of the same material down the side, and, if tailors are prophets, will be just as wide as they are now.

Dainty little sewing baskets, filled with all the fashionable sewer is likely to require, have come out in advance of the meetings of the Lenten sewing classes.

A man who goes about with a shawl over his shoulders may be a philosopher, or philanthropist, or both, but he looks like Farmer Wayback, all the same.

Fashionable phraseology becomes less and less elegant, if more expressive, and has lately revived some slang that gentle people hoped had been forgotten.

Specialists will soon be required for the many women whose use of lotions and cosmetics for the complexion has distorted and paralyzed their ugly faces.

"Now you're in the height of fashion," said young Guy to the lady at a reception, over whose dress he had upset a glass of ice water, "for you have on a watered silk."

Musical boxes operated by electricity are something new in Europe, and at receptions, one writer says, take the place of a band of music. This, however, may be a "harmony in falsehood."

Emmeline Raymond, The Bazar's Paris correspondent, says, apropos of gloves, that the very lightest tints, almost white, are more and more used by ladies for ceremonious afternoon calls in the French capital.

TEA TABLE TALK.

In arranging the "Psyche twist," first get your Psyche and then all will be well.

Crazy quilts—"insane bedspreads," as they are called in Boston—bring very high prices at charity fairs.

Ladies in Parisian cotillions are now arranged according to the colors of their gowns. Striking effects result.

Very fine silver watch chains are affected by some youths whose fathers or mothers have the money to procure them gold ones.

Girls who wear plaid gaiters are often the ones who talk slang and whose grammar is of the kind that disturbs the late Mr. Murray.

The newest Paris bonnet of black velvet and black ostrich tips goes up on one side like a hat and is well described as "rakish."

A very expensive fashion was set lately by the distribution of real ostrich feathers as favors to the ladies in a fashionable german.

Stout women, painfully laced, creak and groan in a crowd like a locomotive endeavoring to haul freight cars through snow drifts.

Buttonless kid gloves are in highest favor, but it almost breaks many a girl's heart that fashion decrees they should be of a size too big.

Everything is a "fad" nowadays, and the silly, English term has been run very far into the ground, even through the frozen snow.

Best dressed women now almost wholly discard the bustle, and they not only look much better, but are probably far more comfortable.

The man who wears a double breasted waistcoat, with gilt or coral buttons, with a dress coat, ought to pull his boot legs up over his trousers.

Beauty spots of court plaster, or painted on the face in India ink, are observed more frequently now, and this is another fashionable revival.

Yellow or red handkerchiefs about the neck with the sealskin jacket are "common." This is given on the authority of those who ought to know.

Silver forks and spoons are undergoing some changes in pattern and style. The modern oyster fork is quite different from the original affair.

Necklaces of colored stones, as the sapphire alternating with the ruby or the emerald with the turquoise, have lately driven out the diamond in Paris.

Helen of Troy may have had bogus jewels in her ears and false diamonds around her neck when she raised such a fuss in ancient society circles, for it is said that even before Troy was built emeralds and other jewels were imitated in glass.

A large bowl of cut flowers, or a fairy lamp almost hidden with flowers, in the center of the table, is one of the most fashionable effects in the line of decoration this season at dinner parties. The idea is said to be Russian, and Mrs. Whitney, the secretary's wife, is said by Jenkins to have been the first to introduce it here. In this Jenkins is as "far off" as if he were in China.

GASTRONOMICAL TIDBITS.

The length of time a large turkey will last in a small, economical family recalls the scriptural widow with the vessel of oil.

A school for instruction in the art of carving in Paris has over 300 pupils, nearly half of whom are said to be young ladies.

In the making of hotel sponge cake there does not appear to be the smallest difficulty in getting the "sponge" for a foundation.

In old times they used to be called red head ducks, but now on the fashionable bill of fare the reading is like this, "Canards, a Teto Rouge."

American fruits and dainties are all the rage in Paris, and the most fashionable dinner party without them is regarded as incomplete.

There is complaint of the gastronomic monotony of the average public banquet, now that the feasting season is gradually drawing to a close.

Commercial travelers who have to frequent inexpensive hotels want a law calling in the everlasting smoked beef invariably served for tea or supper.

In union there is strength, but the same cannot be said of some of the new brands of pickled onions whose chief attraction is the handsome glass jars.

Pickled oysters, which years ago were a standard dish at receptions and parties, and then were neglected, have come into gastronomic fashion again.

The hostess who can introduce something gastronomically new at her dinner party now has all the honor and distinction of being "talked about" as a full fledged social heroine.

Croquettes of shrimps instead of fish proper is an affectation of some caterers this season, who tell you fish is obsolete. Caterers, however, do not everywhere set gastronomic fashions.

Cheese straws are a new wrinkle at dinner parties. The cheese comes in long sticks like macaroni, and one end is tied with a narrow strip of ribbon, which is not eaten—a fact mentioned for the benefit of the unsophisticated! These cheese straws were first introduced at the 5 o'clock teas two seasons ago, and now find their way to the fashionable dinner tables.

SPORTING AND ATHLETIC.

St. Louis has a new sensation in the way of prize fighters in a man named Howe, who weighs 260 pounds and is six feet seven inches in height.

S. F. Edge, an English cycle rider, covered 7,201 miles last year; 5,038 miles on a safety, 723 on a tricycle, 520 on a tandem and 311 on an ordinary.

Winnipeg "Spring," a famous fighting dog, who is said to have won over 100 contests, recently fought Madge, owned in Minneapolis, and was killed in twenty-six minutes. Both dogs fought at fifty pounds and for $100 a side.

John Moulds, of St. Louis, says he will play any of the billiard experts of the east balk line or cushion carroms for $500 a side, except Maurice Daly or Sexton. He prefers McLaughlin, who he thinks is the best of them.

A swimming race of ten miles for $500 a side and the long distance swimming championship of the world will probably take place on the Monongahela river at Pittsburg about July 8, between Professor Levy and William B. Johnson.

The idea that the muscles of the legs only are developed by cycling is a very common and very erroneous one. In reality nearly every muscle in the body is brought into use, those of the lower limbs for propulsion, of the trunk for balancing, those of the upper limbs for both balancing and propulsion.—Medical Brief.

The Australian sporting press is angry with Beach for resigning the championship. The Australasian says: "Beach's policy is certainly not so strong as his arm. In handing over to Kemp the championship, or, in other words, forfeiting the title to him when challenged, it has not been done so well as it should have been."

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

TO A LOVER.

They say the simple patriarch of old
Sat by his tent at fall of eventide,
And scanned the desert levels far and wide
For passing angels, till the dusty gold
Of the fair sunset took a fleeting mold
Of heavenly gates, and earth grew deified
Through his belief; and lo! there at his side,
All unawares, stood angels manifold.
So to thy vision will the earth grow fair,
The south wind warmer, and the summer hour
Hurry with quickened pulse its length along,
And listen! All about thee in the air
The rush of winged thoughts that marks love's power
To lift thy soul above the duller throng.
—Francis E. Sheldon in Overland Monthly.

AN ELOPEMENT.

Miss Nannie Du Bois had a great many suitors. It was generally conceded, however, that only two had any chance of winning her. Mr. Jack Minturn and Mr. Bob Brandow were the only ones who rode to hounds, and as Miss Nannie was an enthusiastic follower of the Willow Brook pack, her friends concluded, and quite correctly as it proved, that when she made her choice she would become either Mrs. Minturn or Mrs. Brandow. Those who took the trouble to form an opinion as to which of the two gentlemen it would be, said Jack would undoubtedly be the favorite one. He was the handsomer, rode, if anything, a trifle better than his rival, and during the fall of 1883 was temporarily master of the foxhounds, hunting the pack with great skill. Moreover, he was more of a ladies' man, and quite as well fixed as Bob financially. But at the close of the autumn season of 1883 Miss Nannie's engagement to Bob was announced. The following fall the gentleman built a number of extensions and additions to his little hunting box, reconstructed his stables, bought some new hunters, and for two years he and Miss Nannie, now Mrs. Brandow, hunted even more enthusiastically than before their marriage.

Jack Minturn went to south France for the season of 1884 and 1885. He told his friends that he had long wished to try some hunting there, and now he had an excellent opportunity. His friends smiled.

Some even ventured to openly poke fun at him. When the Willow Brook club met at Delmonico's, in the midwinter of 1885-6, to elect officers for the ensuing year, it was found that Mr. Bob Brandow and another gentleman had set their hearts upon being master of the foxhounds, and furthermore it was discovered that each felt his claim to be of such a nature that in case of his opponent's election, he (the defeated candidate) had but one course to pursue—to resign. The position was decidedly awkward, especially as the club was evenly divided about the rival candidates. A serious break was imminent.

Now it so happened that Jack Minturn arrived home in New York from his temporary sojourn abroad on the very day of the Willow Brook elections and, dropping into Delmonico's after several ineffectual ballots had been taken, was pounced upon by the contending factions as a compromise candidate. He admitted that his hunters were on the way across the ocean, and that he intended to hunt during the coming year, protested that he could not think of such an honor as the title of master of the foxhounds, and was unanimously elected in the midst of his protestations. He, of course, accepted.

And so it came to pass that when the frost got out of the ground Jack Minturn was not only an active member of the Willow Brook, but was handling the neck.

Bob felt not a particle of resentment, and was glad to see him hunting again. Mrs. Brandow was delighted to see her old friend back. She chided him prettily for having deserted the Willow Brook for so long, utterly ignoring the commonly conceded cause of his desertion, told him with innocence amusingly earnest how the pack "had been too fast and too slow" in his absence, and from the beginning treated him quite as cordially as if she had not been the cause of his two years' exile.

Jack Minturn became very attentive to Mrs. Brandow. It was quite natural. He was master of the hounds; she was probably the best lady rider in the club; facts which in themselves led to certain courtesies on his part. As time went on he became quite devoted, and she, to say the least, did not discourage him.

As the season advanced, Bob became, not jealous—nobody is jealous nowadays—but a little uncomfortable. Of course, he cared nothing about it himself. He would not have given it a second thought had it not been for outsiders; he feared they were enjoying mental chuckles at his expense. This was the way Bob argued in the spring. By fall he was ready to admit that he did care. His views on the subject had become more positive, until he had reached a state of mind best described as volcanic. Mrs. Brandow may or may not have been aware of his mental perturbation. She was young, very young, having been married before she was quite out of her teens.

One afternoon late in October Mr. and Mrs. Bob Brandow stood on the veranda of their hunting box, waiting for the horses to be brought around. Mrs. Brandow's dainty form never looked daintier than when incased in brown habit, her cheeks were already colored by the sharp autumn air, her deep blue eyes sparkled in anticipation of the afternoon's sport. Altogether she made a very pretty picture, but Bob was evidently in no mood to enjoy it. He passed up and down with measured stride and closely knit brow, thumping his boot top with his crop at every step, in total disregard of the polish so laboriously bestowed upon the unoffending top by the stable boy.

"Kierney tells me," he said finally, wheeling to a standstill before his wife, "that you have ordered Lord Rothwell's shoes changed to-morrow without fail, and he said something about Minturn's riding him on Thursday."

Mrs. Brandow straightened up. She had been sitting on the veranda rail, and with a determined tightening of her pretty lips, which was little in keeping with her mild, almost careless tone, said, looking straight at her husband:

"Well?"

"Well?" he repeated, "I don't see why you should supply Minturn with horses; if he can't run the pack with the horses he has let him take one of the whip's mounts or get horses enough to have a spare one when he needs it. I don't see why we should forever be placing our stable at his disposal. I'm tired of it," and the speaker began to punish his boot top again.

"Did you wish to use Lord Rothwell on Thursday?" asked his wife calmly.

"Of course not," was the reply, in tones of disgust. "I don't care anything about the horse. It's this everlasting taking trouble for Minturn that I object to. It's Minturn this, Minturn that until I'm tired of it. You know very well how attentive he was to you before we were married (Mrs. Brandow's cheeks became a shade rosier, and her eyes lost for a moment their steadiness), and I think its decidedly bad for him to be always at your side, and decidedly bad form for you to encourage him. You had your choice and could have chosen him if you had wished, but you didn't, and now (savagely), however much you may regret your choice, you ought at least to act with propriety, and discourage the marked attention he has the bad taste to pay you. You must not let him have Lord Rothwell for Thursday," and the speaker paused, much out of breath. He felt relieved by the outburst, and watched his wife closely to see what the effect would be upon her. She looked very angry, angrier than he had ever seen her before, but not at all disconcerted. "I most certainly shall let Mr. Minturn have Lord Rothwell," she said, with astonishing control of her voice, "for I have promised. As to the rest of your remarks, it is beneath me to answer them. I will say, however, that if I had 'chosen differently' I might now have a husband willing to display more reason than you choose. After Thursday, sir, I shall not hunt. I shall visit mamma or do something. I shall most certainly place myself beyond another disagreeable attack like this. Here are the horses," and before Bob could reply Mrs. Brandow swept with miniature majesty down the path to the roadway, and was about to allow her groom to help her to the saddle, when a voice at her elbow checked her.

"Pardon me, let me assist," said Jack Minturn, who had ridden up almost noiselessly on the turf, and gave the aid asked of the groom. "I thought I'd stop for you," he said, speaking to Bob, who had reached the road by this time, quite as much as to Mrs. Brandow, "as I saw you were about ready. We've lots of time," consulting his watch.

"We are glad you did," said Mrs. Brandow, graciously. "What a glorious day we have." Bob said not a word. He was bewildered at the position his wife had taken so quickly and calmly; his discomfiture was increased by the appearance of the cause of all the trouble. He rode in silence a few rods, then said abruptly, addressing his wife with pointed emphasis, "I think I'll ride around and pick up Moulton. You don't need me now that Minturn's here;" and he wheeled his horse.

"Very well," said Mrs. Brandow in the sweetest of tones, and continued the vivacious conversation she had already started with the master of the foxhounds, without noticing her husband's fling.

Bob did not pick Moulton up. In fact, he knew very well, when he said he intended to, that Moulton did not hunt that day. He rode alone to "The Corner," where the hounds were to be cast, and arrived just as the pack gave cry and went off.

During the first half of the run the pace was moderate, and he saw his wife a number of times. She was riding well to the front each time he caught sight of her, and the master of the foxhounds was at her side. Bob was not watching Mrs. Brandow. The truth is he had come to the conclusion that he had made a mistake and gone too far. Her determined avowal to stop hunting frightened him. He began to plan how he could best make peace. He did not admit that he had been wrong in remonstrating, but felt that his remonstrance had been too strong.

He was in no mood for hard riding, and toward the end of the run fell far in the rear, riding along in an absent sort of way, taking to the roads frequently and following the distant cry of the pack half consciously. He finally, quite unexpectedly, found himself at the finish, or rather at the spot where the finish had been, for the whips and pack had vanished, and most of the riders had started back to the kennels. A few stragglers remained, breathing their weary horses and stretching their own limbs cramped by the long run.

As Bob appeared, a groom leading a weary and a fresh horse approached him. It was Kierney, leading Mrs. Brandow's tired hunter and the hack which was to carry Bob home.

"Mrs. Brandow has gone on, sir," said Kierney, as his master mechanically flung the bridle of his tired hunter to the man and mounted the fresh horse. "She said you'd overtake her if you'd follow the north pike; she's but a bit a'ead, and on the white mare, sir." "All right, let them come along easy," answered Bob, glancing at the tired horses, and turning his hack's head he made the road, and started off at a stiff canter.

He was glad his wife had left the message for him. He thought it signified a mood at least partially favorable to the apologies he by this time had fully resolved to make.

When he reached the north pike he saw no riders ahead of him, but concluding that he was too far behind to catch up, had slowed down to a walk, when his eye was caught by two horses going across country far off to the left, directly away from the kennels. One of the horses was white and ridden by a lady; the other was dark; he recognized it at once as belonging to Minturn. Besides, the master of the foxhounds' scarlet, glistening in the sun, left not a doubt; no other rider had worn scarlet that day.

What were they doing going across country away from home at such a lively clip? Were they "larking?" Mrs. Brandow never "larked" the white mare, and they were riding at a good clip. What did it all mean? He turned his horse into a lane and headed after the two riders. He would overtake them and give Minturn a piece of his mind. If his wife was young and did not realize how such a thing looked, Minturn was a man of the world and of experience, and should have sense enough not to do such things. It was outrageous to go riding off together in that manner. But what to do? They were quickening the pace and his hack was not much of a feucer. There was no road that he could take to cut them off. Should he start after them in earnest? Yes, he would. He had enough of this sort of thing.

But how far would it be? Then an idea struck him. Minturn might be trying to catch the express for New York at Oneola. But if he was going to the city, why was Mrs. Brandow with him? And then a cold shiver came over Bob. Could she be going with Minturn? No, of course not, absurd thought. But no, no; he was crazy. And yet he quickened his horse's pace, still arguing that the idea was an insane one.

But how could they go to town thus, he in the pink and she in her habit? They might wire for a coach and be driven to the city. He had done the same thing on several occasions himself, and the more he thought of it the more fear that his wife was actually running away from him gained on him.

The station was in sight; the fugitives still a field away. There remained two fields with a lane between, and they would be on the road. Bob knew the country well, and knew that the in and out at the lane was a bad one, while the fence at the road was a "caiker." He doubted his ability to get over them, and if he succeeded there was not enough flat for him to overtake the riders ahead. The distant whistle of the engine could be heard. It was no use; they would easily make it.

But stop! the white mare had refused at the first fence of the in and out. He might overtake them after all. A new hope seized him; he spurred on his horse.

The white mare's rider wheeled her quickly, and with scarcely three strides' space lifted her at the fence. The animal breasted the rails and stood still. Again her rider turned her, this time starting her from a distance and under a rain of blows. Bob involuntarily reined his horse and held his breath. The little arm of the fearless rider fell, the resounding blows of the crop ceased; she was steadying the mare. The speed was terrific, so fast that the animal had no time to refuse, no time to check and rise even. Lifting her legs close under her, she made a flying hurdle race leap and cleared, landing far over in the lane, so far that she had not room to rise and take the second fence, the out. Frightened as she was, she tried it, and made an awkward attempt to back over, breasted the barrier, and landed exactly on the other side, her rider underneath.

"Good God!" exclaimed Bob. He was near enough to see that the fall was not a mere spill; it was a regular "crusher;" horse and rider lay quite still.

In an instant he had forgotten what brought him where he was; he forgot that his wife the moment before had been fleeing from him; he had forgot his hatred for the man she was with. Pride, anger, the desire for revenge, were crowded out by one thought—the fear that she might be hurt.

It seemed as though his horse would never get across the field he was in, the lane. The animal seemed to stand still. He dug his spurs into the beast's sides until his legs seemed unable to hold him to the saddle; he slashed him with his crop, he shook the lines, he rose in the saddle involuntarily, in his mad haste to get ahead. He coaxed, he threatened, and finally settled back in despair. Would he never get across the field? He felt sure his wife had been badly hurt, fatally, perhaps. He saw her mangled form, her forehead had been gashed. Why had he spoken harshly to her? He forgot to blame her, and remembered the past only to reproach himself.

He was there at last. Leaping from his horse, he hurriedly climbed the two fences of the lane, and hastened over to the prostrate form on the other side. The white mare had risen and stood near by, cowed by the shock of the fall. Minturn was on his knees at the side of the fallen rider. He rose as Bob approached.

"It's a bad fall," he said; "here's my flask. I'll try to get a doctor and trap of some kind at the station," and mounting his horse he put off at full speed.

Bob scarcely heard him. He thought of nothing but the woman before him. He knelt at her side. How strange she looked! "Darling," he murmured, lifting her head, "are you hurt?"

She was alive, she moved and half opened her eyes.

"Darling," he repeated, "speak to me; are you hurt?"

This time the eyes opened wide and looked at him. Instead of the deep blue eyes of his wife he beheld a pair of piercing blacks. He started, looked again, and recognized Miss Annie Minturn, Jack's younger sister.

* * * * *

At a short distance away all ladies look very much alike on horseback. Jack and Miss Annie, who quickly recovered from her fall, which was not very bad after all, had tried to catch the express in order to attend an evening reception. The white mare had been in Jack's possession but a few days, and Bob had never seen her. She bore a striking resemblance to his wife's hack, Lady Blanche.

Mr. Bob Brandow was not the happiest man in the world during the rest of the autumn. He could have stood with some degree of calmness Miss Minturn's timidity in his presence, but the way she had at times of looking steadily at him from a distance with mixed amusement and pity seriously worked upon his nervous system. It was also rather disconcerting to have Jack watch him suspiciously whenever he was anywhere near Miss Annie. He stood it as long as he could, and finally declared his determination to finish the season in Ireland with the Grenely pack.

Mrs. Brandow enjoyed hunting during the rest of the season more than ever before. She supplied the master of the foxhounds with a mount whenever she pleased, and was never forced to make her threatened visit to mamma.—New York Times.

Feeding an Elephant Sugar.

The elephants were treated to great blocks of "goor," which is brown sugar in one of its earliest stages. As my own elephant raised her trunk and opened her queer looking mouth in expectation of the usual donation of a few pieces of the size of one's fist, I carefully adjusted between her back teeth a lump larger than a man's head.

I shall never forget the expression of her little eyes as she received this delicious morsel. She kept her head raised aloft to prevent the juice from running out, and then directed her eyes down to me, beaming with elephantine pleasure. She could not swallow the prize; it was too big. Nor could she divide it; it was too sticky. All she could do was to hold it tight and roll her eyes till it melted. These were doubtless the happiest moments of her life.—Youth's Companion.

Prevention of Fires.

The way for the people to prevent these disastrous fires is to have automatic metallic doors closing and opening on every floor of an elevator shaft; to have doors at the head of every stairway between floors, and to allow no well holes to remain open except when in actual use. My experience is that these openings from the top to the bottom of a house cause more loss by fire than any other thing. A spark may drop from the top to the bottom floor and soon have the entire building in flames; whereas, if the fire were confined to a single floor the department could manage it.—Harry C. Carroll in Globe-Democrat.

Invention of Felt.

According to Professor Beekman felt was invented before weaving. The middle and northern regions of Asia are occupied by Tartars and other populous nations, whose manners and customs appear to have continued unchanged from the most remote antiquity, and to whose simple and uniform mode of existence this article seems to be as necessary as food. Felt is the principal substance both of their clothing and of their habitations.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Shall we stick to the farm?" asks a rural exchange. You will be likely to in wet weather unless you pave it.—Omaha World.

WHEN TELEGRAPHY WAS YOUNG.

First Results of Professor Morse's Discovery—A Week's Earnings in 1845.

"When I went west from Washington that spring," said Mr. John W. Kirk, an old friend of Professor Morse, "I took along with me samples of the indented strips of paper as they came from the receiving instrument. An enthusiast, I talked of telegraphy to everybody I met. In Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and other western centers I met college professors, business men and other people ranked high for intellect, knowledge and common sense, and all, or nearly all, were pronounced skeptics as to the practicability of Morse's idea. And I am putting it a little mild, I think, in saying that the impression wasn't long in getting abroad that I was "a little off." I meant well, but I didn't know. The last I remember of some of my friends out there they were still pitying me.

"I was in Indiana in the autumn after congress had made a thirty thousand dollar appropriation to Morse for his experimental line. The congressman of that district was up for re-election. Poor, deluded man, he had unfortunately voted for that appropriation. He had been for years the political pride of the district. The people out there would give him anything he'd take if they had the giving of it. Of course he didn't doubt that he would be re-elected as if by acclamation; but before election day he saw things differently. A young man whom nobody had ever heard much of before got an opposition nomination and went stumping all over the district, and before long the fight became very warm. 'I have not one word to say against my opponent,' so the young man always began his speech. 'He's a gentleman; his character cannot be impeached; he is honest, reasonable, well informed, a good neighbor, and a real nice man. But, gentlemen, while he was in congress he voted your money away upon claptrap things like this,' and the nominee, producing a congressional document, proceeded to read the text of the bill which appropriated $30,000 for Morse's experiments. 'Thirty thousand dollars!' he would exclaim. 'Thirty thousand of your hard-earned dollars, gentlemen. For what? Why, to settle—listen to the bill, gentlemen—to settle the practicability of sending messages by electricity over wires stretching long distances. What do you think of it, gentlemen? Yes, my opponent is a good man; he means well; but really, has his residence in Washington helped him any? If he had stayed here at home with us, would he ever have voted our money away for such a crazy purpose? Still, if you think it right to vote for a man who can be fooled in this way, gentlemen, all right, but'——

"The old man was defeated."

Mr. Kirk told this further incident, that from an irresponsible source would sound much like a romance: Just after the first telegraph office was opened in Washington, occupying a little room over the city postoffice, a member of the cabinet entered one day in a hurry, and, handing in a bulky document, directed the operator to "telegraph it over to Baltimore right away." It was closed with a great seal, which the operator proceeded to break, much to the astonishment of the statesman, who, objecting, declared that the paper contained a state secret, and of course must not be exposed to any unofficial eye.

"But I can't telegraph it without I read it," insisted the operator.

"Well, then, you can't send it at all," and the high official left, excited and threatening. He believed he was being trifled with. His idea was that the telegraph was a sort of aerial express for the whisking of packages through air—probably by hitching them on to the wire by a good tough piece of twine.

Here is entertainment in a transcript of the earnings of that original Washington telegraph office for the first week—in April, 1845—that it was open for regular business:

April 1, 2, 3 and 3	$ .01
April 5	.12½
April 7	.60
April 8	1.32
April 9	1.04
Total	$3.00½

And there were no deadhead messages in those days.—New York Times.

A Committee's Report Rejected.

The chairman of the committee on finance expressed his readiness to report on the inquiry: "How shall we use the surplus in the treasury?" and reported as follows:

"1. Gib ebery city in de kentry a millyon dollars to spend in flahworks.

"2. Buy fo' millyon bushels of peanuts an' distribute 'em free to all.

"3. Hev hoss races an' prize fights once a week, wid admishun free.

"4. Distribute Waterbury watches an' roller skates free to all, an' doan' charge nobody nuffin' fur lemonade."

"Dat's your report, is it?" asked the president as the chairman sat down.

"Yes, sah."

"It was made wid the best interests of de kentry at heart, I suppose?"

"Yes, sah."

"Wall, your committee ar' discharged from furder considerashun of de subjick, an' had better take a long rest an' git your strength back. I shall reject de report sine die, an' hand de paper to de janitor to light his fiah wid."—Detroit Free Press.

A Poet's Revenge.

When the poet Scheffel was staying in Italy for the benefit of his health he received a letter from a friend in Germany—an unfranked letter—containing nothing but the words: "I am well. With kind regards. Yours, etc." Annoyed at having to pay double postage for such an insignificant piece of news, the poet determined to serve his friend out. He procured a large stone of immense weight, packed it in a box and sent it to his correspondent, "Carriage collect." The latter, in the belief that the contents of the parcel were valuable, gladly paid the heavy charge for carriage, opened the box, and found, to his horror, nothing but an ordinary stone, bearing a label on which was written: "On receipt of the news that you were in good health the accompanying load rolled off my heart." — Chicago News.

An Enterprising Parson.

Eastern Counties Rustic (to the new incumbent)—Beg y' pardon, sir, but be yeaou agoin' to farm yer glebe, sir? 'Cause as how—that's the 'arliest an' forrudest bit o' land i' the whol' parish—an' our last parson, he used to get in his haye—then he clap on the prayer for rain! an' where wor we?—Punch.

Persons who wear glass eyes and can afford it should have one for the day and another for the night, because the pupil of the natural eye is smaller by day than by night, and the glass eye that will match during business hours does not look natural by gas light.—Jeweler's Weekly.

BROOM MAKING.

AN INDUSTRY WHERE THE SMALL CAPITALIST HOLDS HIS OWN.

The Broom Center of the Country. Growth of a Broom Factory—The Trade in New York City—A Trick of the Trade.

There is one industry in the country in which the small capitalists have been able to hold their own against the wealthiest men in it, and that is the industry of broom making. It is a business in which a journeyman of skill and prudence can hope to establish himself, if he wishes, within a very few years after he has learned his trade. The process of broom making is simple, and yet it is such that machinery has never been devised for turning out a completed broom, and, beyond the sum necessary to erect such an establishment as will permit of a certain division of the labor, an abundance of capital is of no special advantage.

The broom center of the country is in New York state, the largest establishments and the best workmen being located in the Mohawk valley. The time was when the Mohawk valley was the great broom corn raising center of the country, too, but the less tough and stringy and more succulent and profitable cabbage has driven the wavy green tassels of broom corn from the flats which were once their favorite growing place. It was because of the prolific yield of corn there in former years that the trade of making brooms became so well established.

A BROOM FACTORY.

The growth of a broom factory is interesting. A young man of economical habits learns the trade, and, having learned it well, is able to do the equivalent of turning out from 100 to 125 or 150 complete brooms a day. As a matter of fact, in well regulated shops no man makes a complete broom, but only one part of it, but the journeyman having learned his trade well can do enough work usually at piece prices to earn from $2 to $3 a day. Out of this he ought to save $500 before starting in trade for himself. With this sum he can buy enough machinery (at a cost of $150) and stock to set from three to five men at work and keep them going until returns come in from the sales. That is a very modest capital, but since the machinery costs so little, men have started on $300, and even less, and made notable successes as the trade goes. Second hand tools can be had sometimes for $60 or $80, a couple of bales of corn would cost perhaps $35, 500 handles $6.50 more, and other supplies $25, and then the man is ready to set up shop and make all the brooms his neighbors can use, at least.

The trade in New York city calls for about 150,000 dozen brooms a year. The majority of them are made in Amsterdam and other towns along the Mohawk river. Many come from Jersey, however. The factories are unpretentious wooden buildings. Steam power in the larger factories is used in stitching the broom and in winding the wire around the corn where it is secured to the handle. The largest factory in the business, according to a New York dealer, turns out 1,000 brooms a day, or twice as many as the New York city trade demands. In such a factory a man's work is equivalent to the making of from 200 to 250 brooms a day, according to the quality of the brooms.

Of the trade in the corn a dealer said: "The manufacturers buy their corn in the west. Kansas corn has the best reputation in this market, but Missouri, Nebraska and Illinois raise a great deal. The crop was very small in Kansas this year, and Illinois did better than any other state. An ordinary crop is 300 to 400 pounds to the acre. If a farmer gets 500 pounds he pays off some of his mortgage, and when the crop reaches 600 pounds he buys a new silk dress for his wife and a piano for his daughter. And yet there is not such a terrible profit in it. It brings all the way from $80 to $160 a ton in New York, the ordinary brooms requiring stock that now sells for from $100 to $120 a ton. It costs $25 a ton to get it here from Kansas and $15 from Illinois. The middle man out there must have his commission, and so must the New York merchant. If a farmer receives $20 an acre for his crop he is doing well; still that is better than wheat at sixty cents a bushel.

BROOM CORN IN BALES.

"The corn comes to this market in bales averaging 300 pounds each. The corn from the prairies is baled with lath and wire, but some Ohio corn comes here with very liberal chunks of wood to keep the bales from tumbling to pieces. The wood sells at the same price as the corn, if the buyer doesn't notice it. Sometimes the prairie farmer gets even with the Ohio man by dropping a sod or two into the bunch.

"The corn on the average will make 1,000 brooms to the ton, although in some fancy brands of extra heavy brooms as much as fifty pounds is used for a dozen brooms. In the parlor brooms sold at the groceries two to two and one-quarter pounds are used.

There is quite an export trade in broom corn in ordinary times and in brooms in other times. With low prices on the corn the corn is shipped, but when the broom makers have a spurt, as they sometimes do, and flood the market, no broom trust having yet been formed, brooms are sold so low as to enable merchants to send them to Cuba and South America. Very little broom corn is ordinarily sent to Europe, the fields of southern France and of Italy supplying the European market.

"What is the trick in this trade, if there be tricks in all trades?" was asked of a dealer in broom corn.

"It is in making poor corn look like good. The best article has a healthy green color, like well cured timothy hay. That color indicates toughness, with proper flexibility. The cheap stuff, worth $80 a ton, is of a sickly yellow or lemon color. Nothing is easier than to give to the yellow corn a bath in a green dye, so as to give it the appearance of first color corn until after it is sold. Manufacturers who use only the uncolored corn assert that the doctored stuff has Paris green in it, and that when the untidy housewife takes a broom splint to try her cake or pick her teeth, she is toying with a deadly poison. The men who make the dye say it is a harmless vegetable compound. People who will use broom corn splints for such purposes may, perhaps, be frightened from an untidy habit by fear of poison, but no case has yet been recorded where any one was poisoned by a broom splint."—New York Sun.

How She Was Dressed.

Al—How was your wife dressed? Guzzler—She had on an absinthe dress, with Chambertin colored ribbons and a cognac colored bonnet trimmed with ainset lace, which enhanced the luster of her blackberry brandy eyes. She looked as pretty as a bottle of Johannisberg.—Town Topics.

Authors in the Lower House.

The house of representatives has numerous authors. Governor Long, of Massachusetts, is a poet, and his translation of Virgil's "Æneid" is classic. S. S. Cox shines in history and in wit and humor, and his pockets are lined with the gold of his writings. Henry Cabot Lodge is a professional literateur, and his hobby is history. He has written a number of books for "The Statesman Series," and he has made the lives of our great men a study. Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, notwithstanding his years, writes regularly for the newspapers and for magazines. He has published numerous books, and he has now on the counters a description of the south. Frank Lawlor, of Chicago, who figures as a liquor merchant in the directory, has not written a book as yet, but he had a bill once to regulate spelling, and Jehu Baker has published a volume of annotations on Montesquieu's "Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans." Tom Bayne is an editor, and he spends part of his time during congressional sessions in writing editorials. Gen. Lloyd S. Bryce is a great friend of Allen Thorndike Rice, and he has assisted him in the editorship of The North American Review. He has also written a society novel. Martin Foran, of Ohio, has written a novel on labor questions, as an answer to "The Bread Winners." William Walter Phelps writes able magazine articles, and Buckalew, of Pennsylvania, was one of the revisers of the criminal code of his state.—Frank G. Carpenter in New York World.

He Knew Him.

They stood in front of a grocer's on Michigan avenue and one of them looked very sly and cunning as he said:

"Let's come a joke on him. I'll take that turkey down and hide it, and we'll hear him rave."

He took the bird off the hook and started to hide it in a barrel around the corner, when an officer, who was coming up and had seen the theft, took him by the collar.

"Say, it is all in fun," protested the man.

"Oh, is it? Well, you can explain at headquarters."

"But the grocer knows me."

"Does he? Come in and we'll see."

The situation was explained to the grocer, and he looked hard at the man and replied:

"I can't say that I know you."

"But I have been trading here right along. My name is on your books."

"Let's see! You owe me a balance of $7."

"I—I guess so."

"And have owed it for four months. I can't say as I know you."

"But I'm going to pay. Here—take it out of this $10. I always pay my debts."

"Exactly—$3 back. Officer, I think I know him. Yes, I'm sure I do. He took the turkey for fun, and you may let him go."—Detroit Free Press.

A Blind Man's Ingenuity.

"Will you please set my watch right and tell me what the time is now? It has run down."

The speaker was blind, and he handed a handsome gold stemwinder to his friend. The friend put the watch right, told the time and then handed it back to his blind friend, saying: "Of what use is a watch to you? How can you tell the time?"

"You have just set the watch at a quarter to 2," said the blind man, "and now it is fully wound up. If I wish to know what the time is this evening I shall wind the watch and count each of the clicks as I turn the key. There are forty-five clicks, for example. Now I have found that nine clicks correspond to 100 minutes, so that if there are forty-five clicks it will mean that eight hours and twenty minutes have elapsed since the time the watch was set, making the time five minutes past 10 o'clock. I always remember what the time was when I wound it up last, and so by a little care and calculation can always come very near what the time is."—New York Mail and Express.

A Boy's Brilliant Expedient.

A little boy dropped his drumstick into a well. In vain he entreated papa, mamma, the gardener, the footman, the coachman, the cook, the housemaids, to go down into the well to recover the drumstick. In this distress a brilliant expedient occurred to Master Tommy. He secretly carried off all the plate from the sideboard and threw it down into the well. Great was the consternation when the plate was missed, and an active search for the robbers took place. In the midst of the alarm and confusion Master Tommy runs in out of breath with the news that he had found the plate. "Where?" was the cry. "Down the well," replied Tommy. "I see it quite plain, shining at the bottom—spoons, ladles, bread baskets, salvers and all." The family hurried to the well, at the bottom of which, sure enough, the plate was seen. A ladder was procured, a servant descended, and the plate was brought up. Just before the last article was fished up Master Tommy whispered to the servant: "John, I will thank you to bring up my drumstick when you go down for the soup ladle."—New York Evening World.

Growth of the South.

The summary of industrial statistics which has been made by a southern trade journal, discloses a progress along the lines of diversified development which will be a surprise even to those who have fancied that they appreciated the changes which are in progress in that section. Twenty-two factories for making agricultural implements, 23 car works, 147 cotton and woolen mills, 184 foundries and machine shops, 73 blast furnaces, 504 mines and quarries, 23 rolling mills. These are a few items in a long list of industries begun or established during a single year in thirteen states. Such an industrial development as this, so rapid and so varied, shows the necessity of recognizing the new impulses and conditions which prevail in the south and are changing the character, traditions and aspirations of the people of that section. It would be impossible that popular views upon economic questions should not be influenced by such industrial changes.—Boston Journal.

Trick of the Pawnshops.

By a previous understanding with the pledger, pawnbrokers sometimes loan on diamond rings or watches more than the articles are actually worth. The pledger then disposes of the ticket at a slight advance to a third party, who redeems the article at a high figure, fancying that he has a bargain. In London they have gone so far as to drop such tickets in the street, in the expectation that whoever finds them will redeem the pledges.—George F. Kunz.

It wonderfully softens the pain of making a mistake to be the first to find it out.

February and January were added to the year by Numa, 713 B.C.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

CARLSBAD SEA LION.

THEO. STEINHILBER, PUBLISHER

HOME NEWS.

— A paradise of flowers and a flower of paradise is Carlsbad.

— Preparations are being made for the excursion to take place about April 12th.

— A son of our townsman David Geiger, who is engaged in business in Colorado, is here on a short visit.

— Our friend Langenbach has a new delivering wagon. He will deliver goods to any part of the town on short notice.

— Miss Nellie Richards, one of our belles, has just returned from San Diego. Her many friends are glad to see her.

— Fishing is now the principle sport at Carlsbad. Several fine string Sea Bass have been taken out of the wet.

— Mrs. Patterson never forgets the poor hard working printers. We thank her kindly for the sweet juicy oranges sent us.

— The Ladie's Home Mission Society will meet next Friday at the residence of Mrs. Sam. C. Smith at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

— Four trains have been telescoped within the last tree days on the Santa Fe. The engineers appear to be trying to demonstrate the fact that two trains cannot pass on a single track.

— FREE THOUGHT is the name of a new liberal journal recently established at San Francisco. It is ably edited by Mr. S. P. Putman a well-known advanced thinker.

— Cyclones in Illinois and Indiana—sunshine and flowers in Southern California. It doesn't need a prophetic eye to tell which is to be the home of the multitude.

— There is now a fine opening for a brick yard. With the many prospective buildings, all the brick made could be sold right here. Let somebody take hold of this and benefit our town as well as himself.

Yesterday's DIAMOND has a wood cut showing the Delmar line and other projected roads. Bro. Hayes is evidently going to try to keep up with the time.—Oceanside is to incorporate.

— The festive rancher is jubilant about the recent rains, as it means bonanza of crops while the "tourists" ask us if that is our boasted climate. Well, we can stand both joyfully. It shows this is no desert as the "cranks" will assert.

— Messrs. Schlotter and Volkman came up from San Diego on Sunday last, looking around, admiring the deep ocean, drinking mineral water and getting ready to invest. They were guests of Mr. David Geiger.

— Carlsbad is fast looming up as "The Pleasure Resort of the Pacific Coast." Next week we will add one more new enterprise to the beautiful city. A fine sail boat will be stationed here for the accomodation of pleasure and fishing parties.

— Mr. McClere has finished his surf boat the "Sea Lioness" and will launch her to-morrow and make the necessary soundings for his projected pier. He has built a boat house on Grand avenue and as soon as the soundings are made will proceed to work.

The Sand Stone Quarry Company has just been organized, backed by capital and already several large contracts have been made with San Diego builders. J. W. Johnson and J. E. Egan of Waco, Texas, are the moving spirits. They will ship their rock from Carlsbad. The quarry is located two miles from here.

— A reader asks: "Would it not be a good idea to offer a price for the best vegetables raised by the school boys and girls of Carlsbad and encourage them to be industrious?" Yes, why not? It would be a capital plan. Let him start a subscription through the medium of the SEA LION and others, will add thereto unquestionably. Then let notice be given that the display will be exhibited at the School house on a stated date, and prizes awarded to the boys or girls having the best specimens of any kind of vegetables. It is praiseworthy in any way it is looked at. It will be a stimulus not merely to the formation of habits of industry but create a desire for a study of the vegetable kingdom and aid them materially in such studies.

— All persons buying $1,00 worth of goods at the Pioneer, begining Monday, will receive half a dozen pumpkin seed from that mammoth Washington pumpkin you have all seen at the Pioneer. It has no more seed than a small one. So don't get left.

— New buildings: Boat office on Ocean street; new addition to Mr. David Geiger's residence on Second street; a new barn erected on J. L. Cramer's lot; Mrs. Shadek's pleasant cottage on Third street; an extra addition to Mr. Steinhilber's office, and more to follow. Such is life in Carlsbad.

— Beautiful Carlsbad is the topic of conversation throughout the inland towns of Southern California. The hot weather will soon be here, and they all know that Carlsbad is the only genuine Seaside watering place where health and comfort is sure to be found.

— A railroad to the Suyamaca Mountains is now in course of building. This will open up another fertile portion oft he back country of San Diego county. It will run from San Diego by way of Dos Palmos, below Indio on the Southern Pacific to the Needles and will shorten the distance between those extreme points about 300 miles.

— An editor, no doubt with the celebrated Carlsbad hostelry and Mineral springs in his mind's eye truthfully remarks that "the most important feature of a resort town is its hotel. The climate may be perfect, the scenery grand, the means of amusement numerous, but without pleasant rooms, comfortable beds and a good table, the tourists and visitors will not be satisfied and will not remain."

— Some idea of the elegant hostelry the Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Company are erecting can be seen in the amount paid out, averaging nearly $1000 a week. When completed no resort in the United States will afford any better facilities for comfort, and with mineral water, rivaling the celebrated Bethesda, of Waukesha, Wis., he must be a pessimist who cannot see that Carlsbad is bound to be the gem spot for health seekers in Southern California.

— One of those weekly social gatherings of our town takes place next Tuesday evening at 7:30 at Mrs. Faucher's residence. The following is the evening's programme:

Instrumental Musie, Messrs. Carr and ....Place.
Easter Authem, By Messrs Babcock, Faucher, Mrs. Babcock, Buntain and ....Faucher.
Instrumental Music, Mrs. Crain, Miss ....Gertie Woolman.

— Our Literary Society is increasing its popularity at every entertainment. Without it we would miss one of our greatest attractions. Below we give the programme for April 5th, 1888.

Opening Quartette, Mr. Evans, Mr. S. Roberts, Mr. M. Kuntcelman and ....Mr. John Ellis.....
Select Reading.....Miss Richards.
Recitation.....May McCulloch.
Dialogue Willie Woolman and Freddie ....Buntain.....
Instrumental Music, Mr. Carr and Place.
Tableau...."The Last Rose of Summer."
Recess.
Declamation.....Mr. D. D. Hanks.
Zither Solo.....Wm. Dellshafft.
Recitation.....Mabel Faucher.
Second Issue of the Carlsbad Reflector, ...Miss Babcock and Miss Bentley.
Duet with Guitar accompaniement, The ....Misses Lehn.....
Pantomime...Faith, Hope and Charitty.

—Mrs. William Prentice has lately received from her husband now at Carlsbad, California, a large and interesting collection of rare and curious objects, consisting of many species of molesca—multivalves, bivalves and a varied assortment of sea mosses of great beauty and surprising delicacy. The exquisite and variety of form and color exhibited in these treasurers of natural history can only be appreciated by being seen but, while making our necessarily brief examination, we could not avoid the thought that though

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The deep, unfathomed caves of ocean bear—
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

So prolific has Nature been in filling the earth with things of beauty that the artistic eye need never lack for visions productive of extreme delight, but how curious a thought it is that the same waves that swayed the princely plumes of these mosses and tumbled the shells about over their rocky bed, have rolled in on the Carlsbad beach from the shores of far Cathay! North Loup, Nebr., LOYALIST.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC A CERTAINTY!

Railroad rumors and railroad talk has been rife for sometime past. After careful inquiry we have received reliable information that immediate work is to be commenced on the Delmar or Coast route. The accompanying sketch shows the different routes, and at a glance it will be seen that this is the shortest and best. Probably within a year all the routes shown will be under way. There is a demand and need for a new road. The officials of the Santa Fe admit that they cannot handle the freight now ready for shipment, and will not be able to do so for two months. They cannot create any new business, and positively refuse to do so.

The San Francisco Chronicle, a recognized Authority, says:

"It has been stated that the Southern Pacific Co. after years of delay and hesitation, has finally decided, to go into San Diego. There is now only the question of the route to be settled, and when that is done the road will be constructed as fast as men and money can do it. Chief Engineer Hood has reported upon a line from the end of the Santa Ana branch via South Oceanside, Carlsbad, Del Mar, La Jolla and Ocean Beach, and this route will probably be adopted."

CARLSBAD SEA LION.

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Time Table in effect Sunday, Nov. 14, 1886.

Southward. Daily	Southward. Daily	STATIONS.	Nordward Daily	Nordward Daily
6 40a	5 08p	Ar. San Diego Lv.	7 50p	8 00a
4 56a	3 28p	.....Carlsbad.....	9 31p	9 41a
9 30p	11 00a	.....Colton.....	4 10a	1 45a
8 05	10 35	San Bernardino	5 00a	2 30p
5 30	8 05	..Los Angelos....	7 48a	4 50p

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